

ARISTIPPVS.

OR

The Iouiall Philosopher:

DEMONSTRATIVELIE

proouing, That Quartes, Pintes,
and Pottles,

Are sometimes necessary Authours in a Scholers
Library.

Presented in a private Shew.

To which is added,

THE CONCEITED
PEDLAR.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color & status & res.

Semel in sanimus.

LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Harper, for Iohn Marriot, and
are to be sold by Richard Mynde, at his shop
in Little Britayne, at the signe of Saint
Paul. M.DC.XXX.

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THE PRÆLVDIVM.

Shewes hauing beene long intermitted, and
*forbidden by Authority for their abuses, could
 not be rayssed but by coniuring.*

Enter Prologue in a Circle.

BE not deceiu'd, I haue no bended knees,
 No supple tongue, nor speeches steep'd in Oyle,
 No Candied flattery, nor honied words,
 I come an armed Prologue; arm'd with arts,
 Who by my sacred charmes and myRique skill,
 By virtue of this all-commanding Wand
 Stolne from the sleepey *Mercury*, will raise
 From black Abylfe and suttie Hell, that mirth
 Which fits this learned round. Thou long-dead Show
 Breake from thy Marble prison, sleepe no more
 In myrie darknesse, henceforth I forbid thee
 To bath in *Lethe's* muddy waues, ascend
 As bright as morning from her *Tithons* bed,
 And red with kisses that haue stayn'd thy cheek,
 Grow fresh againe: What is my power contemned?
 Dost thou not heare my call whose power extends
 To blast the bosome of our mother Earth?
 To remoue heauens whole frame from off her hinges,
 As to reuerse all Natures lawes? Ascend

Or I will call a band of Furies forth,
And all the Torments wit of Hell can frame
Shall force thee vp.

Enter Show whipt by two Furies.

Show. O spare your too officious whips awhile,
Giue some small respite to my panting limbes,
Let me haue leaue to speake, and truce to parlie,
Whose powerfull voyce hath forc'd me to salute
This hated ayre ! are not my paines sufficient,
But you must torture me with the sad remembrance
Of my deserts, the Causes of my exile ?

Prolog. Tis thy release I seeke, I come to file
Those heauy shackels from thy wearied limbes,
And giue thee leaue to walke the Stage againe
As free as Virtue: Burne that withered Bayes,
And with fresh Laurell crowne thy sacred Temples,
Cast of thy maske of darknesse, and appeare
As glorious as thy sister Comedie.
But first with teares wash off that guilty sinne,
Purge out those ill-digested dregs of wit
That vse their inke to blot a spotlesse fame,
Let's haue no one particular man traduc'd,
Whom priuate hate hath spurr'd thee to reuile :
But like a noble Eagle ceaze on vice,
As she flies bold and open ! spare the persons :
Let vs haue simple mirth and innocent laughter ;
Sweet smiling lips, and such as hide no fangs,
No venomous biting teeth, or forked tongues,
Then shall thy freedome be restor'd againe,
And full applause be wages of thy paine.

Show. Then from the depth of truth I here protest,
I doe disclaime all petulant hate and malice,
I will not touch such men as I know vicious,
Much lesse the good : I will not dare to say

That

That such a one pay'd for his fellowship,
 And had no learning but in's purse; no Officer
 Need feare the sting of my detraction,
 He giue all leaue to fill their guts in quiet:
 I make no dangerous Almanacks, no gulls,
 No Posts with enuious Newes and biting Packets,
 You need not feare this Show, you that are bad,
 It is no Parliament: you that nothing haue
 Like Schollers, but a Beard and Gowne, for mee
 May passe for good grand Sophies: all my skill
 Shall beg but honest laughter and such frailes
 As might become a *Cato*: I shall giue
 No cause to grieue that once more yet I liue.

Prolog. Goe then and you Beadles of hell auant,
 Returne to your eternall plagues.

Exeunt Furies.

Prolog. Here take these purer robes and clad in these,
 Be thou all glorious and instruct thy mirth
 With thy sweet temper, whilst my selfe intreat
 Thy friends that long lamented thy sad fates,
 To sit and tast and to accept thy Cates.

Exit Show.

Prolog. Sit, see, and heare, and censure he that will,
 I come to haue my mirth approu'd, not skill,
 Your laughers all I beg, and where you see
 No iest worth laughing at, faith laugh at me.

ARISTIPPVS.

Enter Simplicius.

Secundum gradum possibilitatis, & non secundum gradum
 impossibilitatis. What should this *Scotus* meane by his
 possibilities and impossibilities? my *Cooper, Rider, Thomas,*
 and *Minsheu* are as farre to seeke as my selfe: not a word

of *compossibilitas* or *impossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what he doe. I haue heard of a great Philosopher: He trie what he can doe: They call him *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*: sure a Philosophers name. But they say he lies at the *Dolphin*, and that me thinks is an ill signe: yet they say too, the best Philosophers of the towne neuer lie from thence: they say tis a *Tauerne* too, for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the towne but the Schooles and *Aristotles* Well: but since I am come thus farre I will enquire: for this same *compossibilitas* and *impossibilitas* sticks in my stomach.

Knocks.

Boy within. Anon, Anon Sir.

Simp. What Philosophic is thi?

Knocks.

Boy. Anon, Anon Sir.

Enters.

Boy. Please you see a Roome Sir? what would you haue Sir?

Simp. Nothing but *Aristippus*.

Boy. You shall Sir.

Exit.

Simp. What is this? the *Dolphin*? now verily it looks like a Greene Fish: what's yonder Greeke too? now surely it is the Philosophers Motto: *Hipparchus, Hipparchus, aut disce, aut discede incontinenter*, a very good disunction.

Boy. A pinte of *Aristippus* to the Barre.

Enters.

Boy. Here Sir.

Simp. Ha? what's this?

Boy. Did you not aske for *Aristippus* Sir?

Simp. The great Philosopher lately come hither.

Boy. Why this is *Aristippus*.

Simp. Verily then *Aristippus* is duplex. *Nominalis & Realis*; or elf- the Philosopher liues like *Diogenes in dolio*: the President of Hogs-head Colledge: but I meane one *Aristippus*

KAT

Kar' ἰσοχῶν, the great Philosopher.

Boy. I know not what you meane by Losopher, but here be Schollers in the house, Ile send them to you: Anon, anon Sir, I cannot be heere and there too, Anon, anon, Sir.

Simp. This boy would haue put a fallacie vpon mee, in *Interrogatione Plurium*: This boy is a meere *Animal*; ha, ha, he. He has not a iot of Language in him more then Anon, anon, Sir. O Giggleswicke, thou happy place of education! This poore wretch knowes not what a Philosopher meanes. To see the simplenesse of these people; They doe euery thing *ἀνδρῶν*, and haue not a iot, not an inch of *κτ' π* in them: O what had become of me if I had not gone bare-foot to my *Præceptor*, with a Satchell at my back.

Enter two Schollers.

Slaves are they that heap up mountaines,

Still desiring more and more,

Still let's carouse in Bacchus fountaines,

Neuer dreaming to be poore.

Giue vs then a Cup of liquor,

Fill it vp vnto the brim,

For then we think our wits grow quicker

When our braines in liquor swim.

Ha braue *Aristippus*.

Pox of *Aristotle* and *Plato*, and a company of dry Raskalls:

But hey braue *Aristippus*.

Simp. Certainly there are *Aristippus* his Schollers: Sir pray can you resolue me what is *Gradus compossibilitatis*?

1 Schol. *What ayles thou, thou musing man,*

Tiddle diddle dooe.

2 Schol. *Quench thy sorrowes in a Can,*

Tiddle diddle dooe.

Compossibilitas? why that's nothing man, when you nere drink beyond your *poculum necessitatis* you are in *gradu incompossibilitatis* to all good fellowship: Come hang *Scotus* weele lead you to *Aristippus*, one Epitome of his in *quarto* is worth a volume of these Dunces.

Simp.

Sim. O Gentlemen, you will binde mee to thanke you in *Poculo Gratiarum*: But what Philosophie doth he reade, and what houres doth he keepe?

1 None at all precisely, but indistinctly all: Night and day he powres forth his instructions, and fills you out of measure.

2 Hee'll make the eyes of your vnderstanding see double, and teach you to speake fluently, and utter your minde in abundance.

Sim. Hath he many Schollers Sir?

1 More then all the Philosophers in the Towne besides. He neuer rests but is still cald for. *Aristippus* sayes one, *Aristippus* sayes another: He is generally ask'd for, yea and by Doctors sometimes.

2 And as merry a man, There can be no Feast, but he is sent for, and all the companie are the metrier for him.

3 Did you but once heare him, you would so loue his companie, you would neuer after indure to stand alone.

Sim. O pray helpe me to the sight of him.

2 We will braue boy: and when you haue seene him, youle thinke your selfe in another world, and scorne to be your owne man any longer.

Sim. But I pray you at what price reads he?

1 Why truly his price hath bin raised of late, and his very name makes him the deerer.

2 A diligent Lecturer deserues eight pence a Pintuition: Nay, if you will learne any thing Schollerships must be paid for. Academicall Simonie is lawfull: Nay did you euer heare of a good Preacher in a fat Benefice, vntill his purse were the leaner for it? Make much of him, for wee shall haue no more such in hast.

Enter Wilde-man.

Sim. But who is this?

1 The Vniuersitie Ramist, a Mault Heretique; *alias* the Wilde-

Wilde man that is growne mad to see the daily resort to *Aristippus*: but let vs leaue him to his frenzies.

*But come you Lads that lone Canarie,
Let vs haue a mad fegarie:
Hether, hether, hether, better,
All good Fellowes flocke together.*

Exeunt.

Wild-man.

Braines, wits, senses, all flye hence: let fooles liue limed in Cages: I am the Wilde-man, and I will be wilde: Is this an age to be in a mans right wits, when the lawfull vse of the throat is so much neglected, and strong drinke lies sicke on his death bed: 'Tis aboute the patience of a Malt-horse, to see the contempt of Barley, and not run mad vpon't. This is *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, now a Deuill or two take his red-nos'd Philosophie: 'Tis he, my beere, that has vowed thee to the Vinegar-bottle; but I'll be reuenged: when next I meet him, I'll twist and twich his bush-beard from his Tauerne face: 'Tis not his *hypathie happishi* can carry him out. Let him looke to be soundlier dash'd by mee, then euer hee was by Drawer for his impudence. I'll teach my Spanish Don a French tricke, I'll either plague him with a Poxe, or haue some Claret whore burne him for an heretique, and make him challenge acquaintance of *Muld-Sacke*: If he was not either sent hither from the Britch Politique, or bee not imployed by *Spinola*, to seduce the Kings lawfull Subiects from their allegiance to strong Beere, let me hold vp my hand at the barre, and be hanged at my Signe-post, if he had not a hand in the Powder-treason! Well, I say nothing, but hee has blowne vp good store of men in his dayes, house and land and all. If they take no order with him here in the Vniuersity, the poore Country were as good haue the man in the Moone for their Pastor, as a Schollar. They are all so infected with *Aristippus* his Arminianisme, they can preach no

B

Do.

Doctrine but Sacke and red Noses. As for the Wilde-man,
they haue made him horne-mad already.

Enter a Fellow crying Wine pots.

Heighday, there goes the Hunts-*vp*: this is the Mandrakes
voyce that vndoes me : you may heare him in faith. This is
the Deuill of his that goes *vp* and downe like a roaring
Sheepes-head to gather his Pewter Librarie. Ile fit him I faith,

Beats him.

Now you Calues-skin impudence, Ile thresh your Lackey.

Beats him out.

Enter Aristippus and his two Schollers.

Arist. What a coyle's here ? what fellowes that ? hee
lookes like a mad hogges-head of March-beere that had run
out, and threatned a deluge : what is hee ?

1 O tis the Wilde-man sir : a zealous brother that stands
vp against the persecution of Barly-broth, and will maintaine
it a degree aboue the reputation of *Aqua vite*.

2 I haue heard him sweare by his *hora octaua*, that Sacke
and *Rosa Solis* is but Water-grewell to it.

Wild. O art thou there, Saint *Dunstan*, thou hast vndone
me, thou cursed Fryer *Bacon*, thou hellish *Merlin* : but Ile be
reuenged vpon thee. Tis not your Mephostopholis, nor any
other spirits of Rubie or Carbuncle, that you can raise, nor
your good father in law Doctor *Faustus*, that coniures so ma-
ny of vs in to your Wiues Circle, that with all their Magique,
he shall secure you from my rage, you haue set a Spell for any
mans comming into my house now.

Arist Why none of my credit hath choked *vp* your
dores.

Wild-man. But thou hast bewitched my threshold, distur-
bed my house, and Ile haue thee hang'd in Gibbets for mur-
thering my Beere, Ile haue thee tryed by a Iurie of Tapsters,
and hang'd in Anon anon Sir, thou dismall and disastrous
Coniurer.

Arist :

Arist. Why dost thou call mee Coniurer: I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elues to molest you: has *Robin Good-fellow* troubled you so much of late? I scarce beleue it, for I am sure since *Sacke* and I came to towne, your house hath not beene so much haunted.

Wild-man. I'll put out thine eyes, *Don Canario*, I'll scratch thee to atomes, thou Spanish *Gusman*.

Arist. If he and his *Beere* will not be quiet, draw um both out:

Wild-man. Yet I'll be reueng'd you Rascall, I doe not feare the Spanish Inquisition, I'll runne to the Councell, and betray thy villany; I'll carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you Sir, we had taken *Cales*, and might afterwards haue conquered *Lisbon*, and *Cinill*. You notorious villaine, I knew thee for a Rogue at first, thy Ruffe look't so like the Moone Crescent in 88. thy very breath is invincible, and stinkes of an Armado.

Arist. Kicke him out of the presence, his company will metamorphis vs to balderdash.

Wild-man. Well *Diogenes*, you were best keepe close in your tubbe, I'll be reueng'd on you; I'll complaine on you for keeping ill houres, I suffer none after eight, by *Saint Iohns*, not I.

1 *Schol.* Well *Dominus*, though the *hora octaua* be not come, yet you may be gone.

Kicks him.

Exit.

Arist. Come Pupill, haue you any minde to study my Philosophy?

Sim. Yes *Mehercule* Sir, for I haue alwaies accounted Philosophie to be *omnibus rebus ordine, natura, Tempore, honore primum*; and these Schoolemen haue so pulled me, & my Dictionaries, that I despaire of vnderstanding them either *in summo gradu*, or *remisso*. I lay sicke of an *Flaccitas*, a fortnight, and could not sleepe a winke for't; therefore good Sir teach me as *Quintus*, as you can, and pray let it be *Conceptis verbis*, and *ex mente Philosophi*.

B 2

Arist.

Arist. I warrant thee a good proficient, but ere you can be admitted to my Lectures you must be matriculated, and haue your name recorded in *Albo Academiae*.

Simp. With all my heart Sir, and *totaliter*, for I haue as great a minde as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

Arist. Giue him the oath.

1 *Schol.* Lay your hand on the booke.

Sim. Will *tactus virtualis* serue the turne Sir?

2 *Schol.* No it must be *reale quid*, & *extra intellectum*.

Sim. Well Sir, I will doe it *quoad potentiam obedientialem*.

1 *Schol.* First, you must sweare to defend the honour of *Aristippus*, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewiues, and Tapsters, and professe your selfe a foe *nominalis*, to Maltmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

He drinks.

1 *Schol.* Next you shall sweare to obserue the customes and ordinances instituted and ordained by an Act of Parliament in the raigne of King *Sigebert* for the establishing of good gouernement in the antient foundation of *Miser Colledge*.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

Drinks againe.

Sim. I Sir, *Secundum veritatem intrinsecam*, & non *equiuoce*.

1 *Schol.* That you keepe all acts and meetings, *tam priuatum*, in priuate houses, *quam publice*, in the Dolphin Schooles: that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleepe at reckonings: but alwaies and euery where shew your selfe so diligent in drinking, that the Proctor may haue no iust cause to suspend you for negligence.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

1 *Schol.* Lastly, that you neuer walke into the Towne, without your habit of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and Casting Hood; especially when there is a Conuocation, and of all things take heed of running to the Assizes.

Sim.

Sim. 1. Is this the end I pray you Sir, is this the *Fini*?
 70 & 123456.

2 *Schol.* It is *ultimum* Sir.

Sim. How pray you Sir, *intentione*, or *executione*?

1 *Schol.* *Executione*, that followes the *Affizes*.

Sim. But me thinkes there is one *Scrupulum*, it seemes to be *actus illicitus*, that we should drinke so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *Contraformam statuti*.

2 *Schol.* I but therefore you are sworne to keep customes, *Non omnino secundum formam statuti*.

Arist. What haue you inrolled him in *Albo*, haue you fully admitted him into the societie to be a member of the body *Academicke*.

Sim. Yes Sir, I am one of your Pupils now, *unitate numerica*, we haue made an end of it, *secundum ultimum Complementum, & actualitatem*.

Arist. Well then, giue the attendance.

Most graue audience, considering how they thirst after my Philosophie, I am induced to let you tast the benefit of my knowledge, which cannot but please a iudicious pallat: for the rest I expell them my Schooles, as fitter to heare *Thales*, and drinke Water.

Sim. We will attend Sir, and that *bibulis auribus*.

Arist. The many errors that haue crept into the science, to distract the curious Reader, are sprung from no other causes, then small Beere, and sober sleepes; whereas were the laudable custome of Sack drinking better studied, we should haue fewer Gownes, and more Schollers.

1 *Schol.* A good note, for we cannot see wood for trees, nor Schollers for Gownes.

Arist. Now the whole Vniuersitie is full of your honest Fellowes, that breaking loose from a *Yorkeeshire* Belfrey, haue walked to *Cambridge* with Satchels on their shoulders: these you shall haue them studie hard for fowre or five yeares, to returne home more fooles then they came; the reason whereof, is drinking Colledge raplath, that will let them haue no more learning, then they lize; nor a drop of wit more then

the Butler sets on their heads.

2 *Schol.* T'were charity in him to sconce'vm soundly, they would haue but a poore *Quantum* else.

Arist. Others there be that spend their whole liues in *Athens*, to die as wise as they were borne; who as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis Beere that drownes the soules in their bodies, *Hansons* Cakes, and *Paix* his Ale hath frothed their braines: hence is the whole tribe contemned, euery Prentice can ierre at their braue Cassackes, and laugh the Velvet Caps out of Countenance.

1 *Schol.* And would it not anger a man of Art to be the scorn of a what lacke you Sir?

Arist. 'Tis Beere that makes you so ridiculous in all your behauour: hence comes the Bridelike simpering at a Iustice of Peace his Table, and the not eating methodically, when being laughed at, you shew your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetoricall *Husteron Proteron*.

Sim. 'Tis very true, I haue done the like my selfe, till I haue had a disgrace for my Mittimus.

Arist. 'Tis Beere that hath putrified our Horsemanship, for that you cannot ride to *Ware*, or to *Barkway*, but your Hackneyes sides must witnesse your iourneyes. A Lawyers Clarke, or an Innes a Court Gentleman that hath beene fed with false Lattin, and Pudding Pye, contemne you as if you had not learning enough to confute a *Nouerint uniuersi*.

Sim. *Per presentes me Simplicium.*

Arist. If you discourse but a little while with a Courtier, you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Moode and figure he speakes in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as Cloathes at *Cambridge*. Nor can you entertaine discourse with a Lady, without endangering the halfe of your Buttons; all these, and a thousand such errors, are the friends of Beere, that nurse of Barbarisme, and foe to Philosophie.

Sim. Oh I am rauished with this admirall Metaphysicall
Lecture,

Lecture, if euer I drinke Beere againe, let me turne ciuill Lawyer, or be poudered vp in one of *Luthers* barrells, pray lend me the booke againe, that I may forswear it. Fie vpon it, I could loue Sir *Giles* for presenting those notorious Alewives. O he *Aristippus*, *Aristippus* thou art equally diuine *ἡ δαίμων* *ὁ ἐπὶ λαχέῃ* the only father of Quodlibets, the Prince of Formalities, I aske my Starres whose influence doth gouerne this *orbem subleuarem* that I may liue with thee, and die like the Royall Duke of *Clarence*, who was sowed vp to immortality in a But of *Malmesey*.

2 *Schol.* You interrupt him Sir too much in his Lecture, and prevent your eares of their happinesse.

Simp. Oh heauens I could heare him *ad eternitatem*, and that *tam à parte ante, quam à parte post*, O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are meeke Orthodoxall, thy Philosophie canon-call, I will study thy *scientiam* both *speculativam & practicam*. Pray let me once more forswear the pollution of Beere, for it is an abominable heretique, Ile be his perfect enemy till I make him and bottle Ale fly the Country.

Aristip. But Sack is the life, soule, and spirit of a man, the fire which *Prometheus* stole, not from *Iones* Kitchen, but his Wine Cellour, to increase the natue heat and radicall moysture, without which we are but droulie dust; or dead clay: this is Nectar, the very *Nepenthe* the Gods were drunk with, 'tis this that gaue *Ganymede* beauty, *Flora* iouah, to *Ioue* his heauen. and eternity; doe you thinke *Aristotle* dranke Perry, or *Plato* Cyder? doe you thinke *Alexander* had euer conquered the world if he had bin sober? he knew the force & vallour of Sack, that it was the best armour, the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double drunke, with Wine and Ambition.

1 *Schol.* Onely here's the difference, Ambition makes them rise, and Wine makes them fall.

Aristip. Therefore the Garrisons are all drinking Schooles, the Souldiers trained vp to the mustering of pewter pots daily, learning to contemne death by accustoming to bee dead drunk: scarres doe not so well become a Captaine as Carbunkles.

bunckles. A red nose is the grace of a Serieant Maior, and they vnworthy the place of Ancients that haue not good colours, the best shot to be discharg'd is the Tauerne bill, the best Alarum is the founding of healthes, and the most absolute March is reeling.

2 Schol. And the best Artillery yard is the Dolphin.

Aristip. Thus you may easily perceiue the profit of Sack in military discipline, for that it may iustly seeme to haue taken the name of Sack from sacking of Cities.

Simp. Oh wonderfull, wonderfull Philosophie, if I bee a coward any longer, let me sweare a little to drink Sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the Knights Errant: I perceiue it was onely *culpa ignorantia*, not *prava dispositionis* that made me a coward, but O Enthusiastique, rare, Angelicall Philosophie, I will be a Souldier, a Scholler, and euery thing, I will hereafter *nec peccare in materia, nec in forma*, Beere, raskally Beere was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies: But proceed my *Pythagoras*, my *ipse dixit* of Philosophy.

Aristip. Next it is the only Elixar of Philosophie, the very Philosophers stone, able if studied by a yong Heire *mutare rerum species*, to change his House, Lands, Liuing, Tenements, and Liueries into *aurum potabile*: So that though his Lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shall be the more, whose Lands being dissolued into Sack must needs make his soule more capable of diuine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd, and freed from so much earth.

2 Schol. Therefore why should a man trouble himselfe with so much earth, he is the best Philosopher that can *omnia sua secum portare*.

Aristip. And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature can be inuented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, then a light head, a light head being as it were allied with heaven, first found out, that the motion of the orbs was circular like to its owne, which motions, *teste Aristotelo*, first found that intelligence, so that I conclude all intelligence, intellect,

rellect, and vnderstanding to be the inuention of Sack, and a light head; what mists of error had clouded Philosophie; till the neuer sufficiently praised *Copernicus* found out that the earth was moued, which he could neuer haue done, had hee not beene instructed by Sack, and a light head.

Simp. Hang me then when I turne graue.

Aristip. This is the Philosophie the great *Stagirite* read to his Pupill *Alexander*, wherein how great a proficient he was, I call the faith of History to witnesse.

Simp. Tis true *per fidem Historicam*, for I haue read how when he had vanquished the whole world in drinke, that he wept there was no more to conquer.

Aristip. Now to make our demonstration to proue, no wine, no Philosophie, is that admirable Axiome, *in vino veritas*, and you know that Sack and truth are the only Buts which Philosophie aymes at.

1 *Schol.* And the Hogshead is that *puteus Democriti* from whence they might both be drawne.

Aristip. Sack, Clarret, Malmsey, White-wine and Hipocras are your fine Predicables, and Tobacco your *individuum*, your Money is your substance, full cups your quantity, good Wine your quality, your Relation is in good company, your action is beating, which produceth another predicament in the Drawers, called passion, your *quando* is midnight, your *ubi* the Dolphin, your *situs* leaning, your *habitus* carousing, afterclaps are your *post* predicaments, your *priorum* breaking of iests, your *posterorum* of glasses, false bills are your fallacies, the shot is *subtilis obiectio*, and the discharging of it is *vera solutio*, seuerall humors are your moodes, and figures, where *quarta figura*, or gallons must not be neglected, your drinking is in Syllogismes, where a pottle is the *maior terminus*, and a pinte the *minor*, a quart the *medium*, beginning of healths are the premisses, and pledging the conclusion, for it must not be diuided, Topicks or common places are the *Tauernes*, and Hamon, Wolfe, and Farlowes are the three best Tutors in the Vniuersities.

Simp. And if I be not entered, and haue my name admit-

ted into some of their bookes, let *forma misit* bee beaten out of me.

Aristip. To perswade the Vintner to trust you is good Rhetorick, and the best figure is Synecdoche to pay part for the whole, to drinke above measure is a Science beyond Geometry, falling backward is star-gazing, & no *Jacob's* Staffe comparable to a Tobacco pipe, the sweet harmony of good-fellowship with now and then a discord, is your excellent musick, Sack it selfe is your Grammar, sobriety a meere solecisme, and Latine be it true, or be it false, a very cudgell to your *Pristianus* pates, the reckoning is Arithmetique enough, a receipt of full cups are the best Physick to procure vomit, and forgetting of debts an art of memory, and here you haue an *Encyclopaedia* of Sciences, whose method being circular, can neuer bee so well learned, as when your head runnes round.

Samp. If mine haue any other motion, it shall be *praternaturam*, I, and *contra* too, if I liue: I like that art of musick wondrous well, life is not life without it, for what is life but an harmonious lesson playd by the soule vppon the Organs of the body. O witty sentence! I am mad already, I see the immortality, ha braue *Aristippus*: but in Poetry 'tis the sole predominant quality, the sap and iuyce of a verse, yea the spring of the Muses is the fountaine of Sack, for to thinke *Helicon* a barrell of Beere, is as great a sin as to call *Pegasus* a Brewers Horse.

Aristip. I know some of these halfe penny Almanack makers doe not approue of this Philosophie, but giue you most abominable counsell in their Beggars Rhymes, which you are bound to beleue as faichfully, as their predictions of foule and faire weather, you shall heare some of *Errapater's* Poetry.

*I wish you all carefully,
Drink Sack but sparingly,
Spend your coyne thriftily,
Keepe your health warily,
Take heed of sobriety,
Wine is an enemy,*

Good

Good is sobriety,
Fly baths and Venerie:

For your often potations much crudities cause, by hindring the course of mother Natures lawes, therefore he that desireth to liue till October, ought be drunke in Iuly, but I hold it to be a great deale better that he went to bed sober, And let him alone thou man in the Moone, yet had'st thou but read a leafe in this admiſed Author, this *aerum flumem*, this *torrens eloquentia*, thou would'st haue ſcorn'd to haue bin of the water Poets Tribe, or *Skellons* family, but thou haſt neuer taſted better Nectar then out of *Fenners* Waſtaile Bowle, which hath ſo transformed him, that his eyes looke like two Tunnels, his noſe like a Fauſſet with the Spicket out, and therefore continually dropping: the Almanack makers, and Phyſicians are alike grand enemies of Sack, as for Phyſicians being ſooles, I cannot blame them if they neglect Wine, and miniſter ſimples, but if I meet with you Ile teach you another receipe.

Simp. Why meet him Tutor, you may eaſily meet him. I know him Sir, & *cognitione diſtincta & confuſa* I warrante you, doe you not ſmell him Tutor? I know who made this Almanack againſt drinking Sack? ha *Stroffe*? haue I found you *Stroffe*? you will ſhew your ſelfe, I ſee, when all is done to bee but a Brewers Clarke.

Ariſtip. But farre better ſpeaks the diuine *Ennius* againſt your Ale, and Barlybroath, who knew too full well the vertue of Sack when *Namqu岸 nifi potus ad arma proſinit dicenda*, his verſes are in Latine, but becauſe the audience are Schollers, I haue tranſlated them into Engliſh, that they may be vnderſtood. Here read them.

1 Schol. There is a drinke made of the Stygian Lake,
Or elſe of the waters the Furies doe make,
No name there is bad enough by which it is to call,
But yet as I wiſt it is ycleped Ale;
Men drinke it thick, and piſſe it out thin,
Mickle filth by Saint Loy that it lammes within,
But I of completion am wondrous ſanguine,

*'And will loue byth' Morrow a cup of wine,
To liue in delight was euer my wonne,
For I was Epicurus his owne sonne,
That held opinion that plaine delight
Was very felicity perfitse :*

*A Bowle of wine is wondrous boone cheere
To make one blith, buxome, and deboneere,
'Twill giue me such valour and so much courage
As cannot be found' twixt Hull and Carthage.*

Aristip. But aboue the wit of humanity, the diuine *Virgil* hath extol'd the *Encomium* of Sack in these verses.

2 Schol. Fill me a Bowle of Sack with Roses crown'd,
Fill't to the brim, Ile haue my temples bound
With flowry Chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free, and frolique it ;
Let me drinke deepe, then fully warm'd with wine,
Ile chaunt *Æneas* praise, that euery line
Shall prone inmortall, till my moistned quill
Melt into verse ; and Nectar-like distill ;
I'me sad, or dull, till bowles brim fill'd infuse
New life in me, new spirit in my Muse,
But once reuin'd With Sack, pleasing desires
In my chill blood kindle such a time fires,
That my gray hayres seeme fled my wrinckl'd face,
Growne smooth as *Hebes*, youth, and beauties grace,
To my shrunk veines, fresh blood and spirits bring,
Warne as the Summer sprightsfull as the spring,
Then all the world is mine : *Cielus* is poore
Compar'd with me, he is rich that askes no more,
And I in Sack haue all, which is to me
My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty,
Then haue I conquer'd all, I boldly dare
My Trophies with the *Pelea* Youth compare,
Him I will equall, as his sword, my pen
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men,
Does not, *Attrides*, *Nestors* ten desire
But ten such drinkers as that aged fire,

*His streame of honied words flowed from the Wine,
 And Sacke his Councell was, as he was thine.
 Who euer purchast a rich Indian mine,
 But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish wine,
 Then fill my bowle, that if I dye to morrow,
 Killing cares to day, I haue out-liu'd my sorrow.*

Arist. Thus resting in the opinion of that admirable Poet,
 I make this draught of Sacke, this Lectures period.

Dixi:

Simp. *Dixi* dost thou say, I, and I'll warrant thee the best
Dixi in *Cambridge*, who would sit poring on the learned
 Barbarisme of the Schoolemen, that by one of thy Lectures
 might confute them all *pro & con* I begin to hate distinction,
 & *actualiter*, & *habitualiter*, yet a poxe to see, I cannot leaue
 them *nec principaliter*, *nec formaliter*; yet I begin to loue the
 Foxe better then subtilneisse. Oh Tutor, Tutor, well might
 Foxe be a Colledge Porter, that he might open the Gates to
 none but thy Pupils: come fellow Pupils, if I did not loue
 you, I were an *ἀνθρώπου φύσις*, and an absurditie in the ab-
 stract; Let's practice, let's practice, for I'll follow the steppes
 of my Tutor night and day: by this Sacke, I shall loue this
 Philosophie: before I heard this Lecture, *Bankes* his Horse
 was an *Aristotle*, in comparison of me: I can laugh to thinke
 what a foolish *Simplicius* I was this morning, and how lear-
 nedly I shall sleepe to night.

2 *Schol.* Sleepe to night! why? that's no point of our Phi-
 losophie; we must sit vp late, and roare till we rattle the Wel-
 kin: Sleepe, what haue we to doe with deaths Cater-cousin?
 doe you thinke Nature gaue starres to sleepe by? haue you
 not day enough to sleepe in, but you must sleepe in the night
 too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

Sim. A Paradox? let me be cramp't if I sleepe then, but what
 must we sleepe in the day then?

2 *Schol.* Yes, in the morning.

Sim. And why in the morning?

2 *Schol.* Why, a poxe of the morning, what haue wee to

doe with the sober time of the day?

Sim. 'Tis true I see, wee may learne something of our fellow Pupils, and what must wee doe now fellow pupils? What must we doe now?

1 Schol. Why? conferre our notes.

Sim. What is that?

2 Schol. Why, conferring of notes, is drinking off cups, halfe pots are saying of parts, and the singing of Catches is our repetition.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'll conferre a note with you.

1 Schol. Gramercy braue lad, and it's a good one, an excellent Criticisme; I would not haue lost it for *Eustathius* and his Bishopricke, it's a generall rule, and true without exception.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'll conferre a note with you too.

2 Schol. Faith, let me haue it, let's share, and shiare like boone Rascals.

Simp. I'll say my part to you both.

2 Schol. By my troath, and you haue a good memory, you haue con'd it quickly Sir.

Sim. But what shall we haue for repetitions now?

2 Schol. I, what for repetitions?

1 Schol. Why the Catch against the Schoolemen in praise of our Tutor *Aristippus*: can you sing *Simplicius*?

Sim. How begins it pray you?

1 Schol. *Aristippus* is better

Sim. O God Sir, when I was in the state of ignorance, I con'd it without booke, thinking it had beene a Position.

Aristippus is better in euery letter,
Then *Faber the Parisiensis*,
Then *Scotus*, *Soncinas*, then *Thomas Aquinas*,
Or *Gregorie Gandauensis*:
Then *Cardan* and *Ramus*, then old *Paludanus*,
Albertus, and *Gabriella*,
Then *Pico Mercatus*, or *Scaliger Natw*,
Then *Niphus* or *Zakarella*.

Hortado,

*Hortado, Trombetus, werefooles with Toletus,
 Zanardus, and Will de Hales,
 With Occham, Iauellus, and mad Algaxellus,
 Philoponus and Natalis.
 The Conciliator, was but a meere prater,
 And so was Apollinaris :
 Iandunus, Plotinus, the Dunce Eugubinus,
 With Masius, Sansil, and Swarez,
 Fonscca, Durandus, Becanus, Holandus,
 Pererius, Auienture :
 Old Trismigistus, whose volumes haue mist vs,
 Ammonius, Bonaucure,
 Mirandula Comes, with Proclus and Somes,
 And Guido the Carmelita:
 The nommall Schooles, and the Colledge of fooles,
 No longer is my delighta :
 Hang Briewood and Carter, in Crakenhorpes garter,
 Let Keckerman too be meane vs,
 Ple be no more beaten, for greasie lacke Seaton,
 Or conning of Sanderfonus :
 The censure of Cato's, shall neuer amate vs,
 Their frostie beards cannot nip vs :
 Your Ale is too muddy, good Sacke is our studie,
 Our Tutor is Aristippus.*

Enter the Wild-man with two Brewers.

Wild-man. There they be, now for the valour of Brewers,
 knocke um soundly, the old Rogue, that's hee, doe you not
 see him there ? soundly, soundly, let him know what Cham-
 pions good Beere has.

*They beat out Aristippus and the
 Schollars.*

Wild.

*Wild-man folow.*He findes
Pots:He findes
empty
Papers.

Now let them know that Beere is too strong from them, and let me be hang'd if euer I be milder to such Rascals, they shall finde these but stale curtesies. How now? what's here? the learned Library, the Philosophicall volumes: these are the bookes of the blacke Art; I hate them worse then *Bellarmino* the golden Legend, or the Turkish Alcharon. I wonder what vertue is in this peuterfaced Authour, that it should make euery one fall in loue with it so deeply? I'll trie if I can finde any *Philtrum*, any loue-Potion in't: by my *Domine* not a drop; O *stultum ingenium hominum*, to delight in such vanities. Sure these are Comments vpon Tobacco, dry and iuycellesse vanities. I'll try againe by my *bonâ fide*, but this doth relish some learning, still better, an admirable witty rogue, a very flash. I'll turne another leafe, still better, has he any more Authors like this? what's here *Aristippus*? a most incomparable Authour, O *Bodly, Bodly*, thou hast not such a booke in all thy Librarie, here's one lyne worth the whole *Vatican*. O *Aristippus* would my braines had beene broken out when I broched thy hog's-head; O curst Brewers, and most accursed am I to wrong so learned a Philosopher as *Aristippus*? what penance is enough to cleere me from this impardonable offence: twenty purgations are too little; I'll sucke vp all my Beere in Toasts, to appease him, and afterwards liue by my Wife and Hackneyes. Oh that I had neuer vndertooke this selling of Beere, I might haue kept my house with Fellowes Commons, and neuer haue come to this: But now I am a Wild-man, and my house a Bedlam: O *Aristippus, Aristippus, Aristippus*.

*Enter Medico de Campo.**Medico.* How now neighbour Wild-man?*Wild-man.* O *Aristippus, Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee *Aristippus*?*Medico.*

Medico. What extasie is this?

Wilde-man. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee *Aristippus*?

Medico. Why neighbour *Wilde-man*, disclose your griefes to me, I am a Surgeon, and perchance may cure vm.

Wild-man. O cry you mercy, you are the welcomnest man on earth, Sir Signior *Medico de Campo*, the welcomnest man liuing, the onely man I could haue wished for, O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

Medico. Why what's the matter neighbour? O I heare he has seduced away your Parishioners, is this the cause of your Lamentation.

Wild-man. O no Sir, a learned Philosopher, one that I loue with my soule: but in my rage I cannot tell you Sir, 'tis a dismall tale, the sharpest Razor in your shop would turne edge at it.

Medico. Neuer feare it, I haue one was sent from a ——— faith I cannot thinke on's name, a great Emperour, hee that I did the great cure on, you haue heard on't I am sure: I fetched his head from *China*, after it had beene there a fortnight buried, and set it on his shoulders againe, and made him as liuely, as euer I saw him in my life; and yet to see I should not thinke on's name. O I haue it now, *Prestor Iohn*, a poxe on't, *Prestor Iohn*, 'twas hee hee, I faith, 'twas *Prestor Iohn*, I might haue had his Daughter if I had not beene a foole, and haue liu'd like a Prince all the daies of my life, nay, and perchance haue inherited the Crowne after his death; but a poxe on't, her lips were too thicke for me, and that I should not thinke on *Prestor Iohn*.

Wild-man. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, poxe on your *Prestor Iohn* Sir, will you thinke on *Aristippus*?

Med. What should I doe with him?

Wild-man. Why? in my rage Sir, I haue almost killed him, and now would haue you cure him in sober sadnesse.

Medico. Why call him out Sir.

Enter Simplicius.

Wilde-man. Sir, yonder comes one of his Pupils.

Medico. Salue Mr. *Simplicius*.

Simp. Salue me, 'tis but a Surgeons complement *Signior Medico de Campo*; but you are welcome Sir, my Tutor wants helpe: Are you there you *Vsqnebaugh* Rascall, with your *Me-thegliniuyce*, I'll teach you Sir to breake a Philosophers pate; I'll make you leaue your distinctions as well as I haue done.

Wild-man. O pardon, pardon me, I repent Sir heartily, O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, I haue broken thy head *Aristippus*, but I'll giue thee a plaister *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

Medico. I pray Sir bring him out in his Chaire, and if the house can furnish you with Barbers prouision, let all be in readinesse.

Exit Simplicius.

Wild-man. Pray Sir doe you thinke you can cure him?

Medico. Him? why neighbour doe you not remember the Thumbe?

Wilde-man. What of the Thumbe? I haue not heard of it as yet Sir.

Medico. Why the Thumbe, the Thumbe, doe you not know the cure of the Thumbe?

Wild-man. No Sir, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumbe, doe you still remember't Sir.

Medico. Remember't, I, and perfectly, I haue it at my fingers end, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fighting, one lost his Thumbe, I bechance comming by, tooke it vp, put it in my pocket, some two moneths after, meeting the Gentleman, I set on his Thumbe againe, and if he were now in *Cambridge*, I could haue his hand to shew for't: why did you ne're heare of the Thumbe Sir? 't is strange you neuer heard mee speake of the Thumbe Sir.

Enter

*Enter three Schollars bringing forth Aristippus
in his Chayre.*

1 *Schol.* *Signior de Medico Campo*, if you haue any art or skill, shew it now, you neuer had a more deseruing Patient.

Medico. Yet I haue had many, and royall ones too; I haue done Cures beyond Seas, that will not be beleued in *England*.

2 *Schol.* Very lik-ly so, and Cures in *England* that will not be beleued beyond seas, nor here neither, for in this kinde, halfe the world are infidels.

Medico. The great Turke can witnesse, I am sure the eyes that he weares, are of my making.

1 *Schol.* Hee was then an eye-witnesse: but I hope hee weares spectacles *Signior*.

Medico. Why, won't you beleue it, why I tell you I am able to say't, I saw't, I saw't my selfe, I cur'd the King of *Poland* of a Wart on's nose, and *Bethlem Gaber* of a Ring-worme.

1 *Schol.* The one with raw Beefe, and the other with Inkehornes.

Medico. Poxe of your old Wiues medicines; the worst of mine Ingredier ts is an Vnicornes Horne, and a Bezars stone: Rawe Beefe, and Inkehornes! Why, I cur'd *Sherley* in the Grand Sophies Court in *Persia* when he had beene twice shot through with Ordinance, and had two bullets in each thigh, and so quickly, that he was able at night to lye with his Wife the Sophies neece, and beget a whole Church of Christians; and could this haue beene done with raw Beefe and Inkehornes?

Sim. No sure, this could not haue beene done without Egges and Greene-sauce, or an Oatmeale Poultrice at least.

Medico. The King of *Russia* had died of the wormes, but for a powder I sent him.

2 *Schol.* Some of that you meane, that stucke on the bullet which you tooke out of *Sherleyes* legges.

Medico. In the siege of *Ostend*, I gaue the Dutcheffe of *Austria* a receipt to keepe her Smocke from being animated, when she had not shifted it of a twelue moneth.

1 Schol. Beleue me, and that was a Cure beyond *Scoggins* Fleas.

Medico. I am able by the vertue of one Salue, to heale all the wounds and breaches in *Bohemia*.

2 Schol. I, and close vp the Bung-hole in the great Tub at *Heidlebergh* I warrant you.

Medico. I cur'd the State of *Venice* of a Droplie, the Low-Countries of a Lethargie, and if it had not beene treason, I had cur'd the Fistula, that it should haue dropt no more then your nose. By one Dramme on a knifes point, I restored *Mansfield* to his full strength and forces, when he had no men left, but was onely skin and bones. I made an Arme for *Brunswicke*, with so great art and skill, as nature her selfe could not haue mended it; which had it not come too late, and after his death, would haue done him as much seruice as that which was shot off.

2 Schol. I easily beleue that I faith.

Medico. I could make a Purgation, that should so scoure the Seas, that neuer a *Dunkerke* durst shew his head.

1 Schol. By my faith, and that would bee a good State Glister.

Medico. I haue done as great wonders as these, when I extracted as much chastity from a Sanctimony in the *Englishe* Nunnery, as cur'd the Pope of his lechery.

2 Schol. And yet had as much left, as seru'd fise Cardinals on Fasting-dayes.

Medico. And there was no man in the Realme of *France*, either *French* or *Spanish*, or *Italian* Doctors, but my selfe, that durst vndertake the King of *France* his Cornes, and afterwards hauing cur'd him, I dranke a health to him.

Sim. Would we had the pledging on't. O happy man that hast conferred a note with the King of *France*.

Medico. And doe you seeme to misdoubt my skill, and speake of my Art with ifs and ands? Doe you take mee for

a Mountebank, and hath mine owne tongue beene so silent in my praise, that you haue not heard of my skill?

2 Schol. No, pardon vs Signior, onely the danger our Tutor is in makes vs so suspitious; we know your skill Sir, wee haue heard *Spaine* and your owne tongue speake loud on't, we know besides, that you are a Trauailer, and therefore giue you leaue to relate your words with authority.

Med. Danger? what danger can there be, when I am his Surgeon?

1 Schol. His head Sir is so wondrously bruised, 'tis almost past cure.

Med. Why what if he had neuer an head? am not I able to make him one? or if it were beaten to atomes, I could set it together, as perfectly as in the wombe.

Wild. Beleeue me neighbour, but that would bee as great a wonder, as the Thumbe, or *Prester Iohns* head.

Med. Why? Ile tell you Sir what I did, a farre greater wonder then any of these, I was a Trauailer,

2 Schol. There is no such great wonder in that, but what may be beleeued.

Med. And another friend of mine trauailed with me, and to be short, I came into the Country of Cannibals, where missing my friend, I ran to seeke him, and came at last into a Land where I saw a company feeding on him, they had eaten halfe of him, I was very peniue at his misfortune, or rather mine, at last I bethought me of a powder that I had about me, I put it into their wine, they had no sooner drank of it, but they presently disgorg'd their stomacks, and fell asleepe; I Sir, gathered vp the miserable morsels of my friend, placed them together, and restored him to be a perfect man againe; and if he were here still aliue, he were able to witnesse it himselfe, and doe you thinke I cannot cure a ten-groats damage, or a crackt Crowne.

1 Schol. Good Signior make no such delaye, cure him, and haue one wonder more to fill vp your Legend.

Med. Here hold the Basen, you the Napkins, and you Mr *Simplicius* the Boxes, how shall we doe to lay his feet vp-

on. By my troth Sir he is wonderfully hurt, his *pia mater* I perceiue is cleane out of ioynt; of the 20. bones of the *Cranium* there is but three only whole, the rest are miserably crushed and broken, and two of his *Sutures* are cleane perished, onely the Sagitall remaines free from violence, the foure Tunicats of his eyes are thred bare, the Meninx of his eare is like a cut Drum, and the hammers lost: there is not a Cartilago in his head worth three pence, the top of his nose is dropt away, there is not a Muskle left in the Cavities of his Nostrils, his *dentes molares* are past grinding, his Pallet is lost, and with it his *gurgulio*, yet if he can swallow, I warrant his drinking safe: helpe open his mouth, so, so, his throat is found: he's well I warrant you, now giue him a cup of Sack, so let me chafe his Temples, put this powder into another glasse of Sack, and my life for his, he is as sound as the best of vs all: let downe his legs. How doe you Sir?

Aristip. Why as yong as the Morning, t' all life, and soule not a dram of body; I am newly come back from Hell, and haue seene so many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whose Art hath restored me to life againe.

1 *Schol.* The Catholique Bishop of Barbers, the very Metropolitan of Surgeons, Signior *de Medico Campo*.

2 *Schol.* One that hath ingross'd all Arts to himselfe, as if he had the Monopoly.

1 *Schol.* The onely Hospitall of soares.

2 *Schol.* And Spittle-house of infirmities, Signior *de Medico Campo*.

1 *Schol.* One that is able to vndoe the Company of Barbersurgeons, and Colledge of Physitians, by making all diseases fly the Country.

2 *Schol.* Yea he is able to giue his skill to whom he please, by Act of deed or bequeath it by Legacy, but hee is determined as yet to intaile it to his heires males for euer.

1 *Schol.* Sir, death it selfe dares not anger him, for feare he should begger the Sextons by suffering no graue to be made, he can chuse whether any shall dye or no.

2 *Schol.* And he do's't with such celerity, that a hundred pences

peeces of Ordinance in a pitch'd field could not in a whole day make worke enough to imploy him an houre; you owe him your life Sir: Ile assure you.

Aristip. Sir I doe owe you my life, and all that is mine, thinke of any thing that lyeth in the compasse of my Philosophy, and 'tis your owne.

Med. I haue gold enough Sir, and Philosophie enough, for my house is paved with Philosophers stones, mine only desire is, that you forgieue the rage of this wildman, who is heartily sorry for his offence to you.

Wild. O reuerend Philosopher, and Alchimy of vnderstanding, thou very Sack of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholique Monarch of Wines, Archduke of Canary, Emperour of the sacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudenesse, and I will forswear that Dutch heresie of English Beere, and the witchcraft of *Middletons* water, Ile turne my selfe into a Gowne, and be a profest disciple of *Aristippus*.

Aristip. Giue him a Gowne then ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior *Medico de Campo*, if you will walke in, let's be very iouiall and merry, 'tis my second birth-day, let's in, and drinke a health to the company.

*We care not for mony, riches, or wealth,
Old Sack is our mony, old Sack is our health,*

*Then let's flo. k. hither
Like Birds of a feather;*

To drinke, to sing,

To laugh and sing,

Conferring our notes together,

Conferring our notes together,

Come let vs laugh, let vs drinke, let vs sing,

The winter with vs is as good as the spring,

We care not a feather

For wind, or for weather,

But night and day

We sport and play,

Conferring our notes together,

Conferring our notes together,

Simp.

Simp. Heark, they are drinking your healths, within, and I must haue it too, I am only left here to offer my *supplicat* to you, that my grace may passe, and then if I may but com-
mence in your approbation, I will take a degree in drinking,
and because I am turn'd a iouiall mad raskall, I haue a great
desire to be a Midsummer Batch'lor, I was onely stay'd to
aske your leaues to goe out.

Exit.

FINIS.



THE PEDLAR, AS IT WAS PRESENTED IN A STRANGE SHOW.

Generous Gentlemen,

SVch is my affection to *Phœbus* and the ninety nine Muses, that for the benefit of this royall Vniuersitie, I haue strodled ouer three of the terrestriall globes with my Geometrical rambling, *videlicet*, the *Asia* of the Dolphin, the *Affrique* of the Rose, the *America* of the Mitre, besides the *terra incognita* of many an Alehouse. And all for your sakes, whom I know to bee the diuine brats of *Helicon*, the lawfull begotten bastards of the thrice three sisters, the learned filly-foles to Mounsier *Pegasus*, Archhackney to the students of *Parnassus*: Therefore I charge you by the seauen deadly Sciences, which you more study then the three and foure liherall sinnes, that your ha, ha, hes may be the recompence of my ridiculous endeauours.

I haue beene long in trauaile, but if your laughter giue my Embryon Iests but safe deliuerance, I dare maintaine it in the throat of *Europe*, *Ieronimo* rising from his naked bed was not so good a Midwife.

But I see you haue a great desire to know what profession I

E

am

am of: first therefore heare what I am not. I am not a Lawyer, for I hope you see no Buckrams honestly about me, and I swear by these sweet lips my breath stinks not of any State actions: I am no Souldier although my heeles bee better then my hands: by the whips of *Murs* and *Bellona* I could neuer endure the smell of salt-Peeter since the last Gunpowder treason, the voyce of a Mandrake to mee is sweeter musick then those Maximes of warre, those terrible Cannons, I am no Townsman vnlesse there be rutting in *Cambridge*, for you see my head without hornes; I am no Alderman for I speake true English; I am no Iustice of peace, for I swear by the honesty of a *Mittimus*, the venerable Bench neuer kist my worshipfull Buttocks; I am no Alchymist, for though I am poore, I haue not broke out my braines against the Philosophers stone; I am no Lord, and yet methinks I should, for I haue no Lands; I am no Knight, and yet I haue as empty pockets as the proudest of them all; I am no Landlord, but to Tenants at will; I am no Inns of Court Gentleman, for I haue not beene stewed throughly at the Temple, though I haue beene halfe codled at *Cambridge*; Now doe you expect that I should say I am a Scholler, but I thank my starres I haue more wit then so; why I am not mad yet? I hope my better *Genius* will shield me from a thred bare black Cloke, it looks like a peece of *Beelzebubs* Liuary. A Scholler? what? I doe not meane my braines should drop through my nose: no; if I was what I wish I could but hope to be; but I am a noble, generous, vnderstanding, royall, magnificent, religious, heroicall, and thrice illustrious Pedlar.

But what is a Pedlar? why what's that to you? yet for your satisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honorable selfe, I will define him.

A Pedlar is an *Individuum vagum*, or the *Primum mobile* of Tradsmen, a walking Burse, or moueable Exchange, a Socraticall Citizen of the vast vniuerse, or a peripateticall Iournyman, that like another *Atlas* carries his heauenly shop on's Shoulders.

I am a Pedlar, and I sell my wares
 This brane Saint Barthe, or Starbridge faire,
 Ile sell all for laughter, that's all my gaine,
 Such Chapmen should be laught as for their paines.
 Come buy my wits which I have hither brought,
 For wit is neuer good till it be bought;
 Let me not heare all back, buy some the while,
 If laughter be too deere, tak's for a smile;
 My trade is iesting now, or quible speaking,
 Strange trade youle say, for its set up with breaking;
 My Shop and I am all at your command,
 For lawfull English laughter paid at hand,
 Now will I trust no more, it were in vaine
 To breake, and make a Craddock of my braine,
 Halfe haue not payd me yet, first there is one
 Owes me a quart for his declamation,
 Anothers morning draught, is not yet paid
 For foure Epistles at the election made,
 Nor dare I crosse him who do's owe as yet
 Three Ells of iests to line Priorums wit.
 But here's a Courtier has so long a bill,
 'Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will
 Relate the summes: Item he owes me first
 For an Inprimis: but what grieues me worst,
 A dainty Epigram on his Spaniels taile
 Cost me an houre, besides fine pott of Ale,
 Item an Anagram on his Mistris name,
 Item the speech wherewith he court's his Dame,
 And an old bloberd scowling Elegie
 Vpon his Masters dogs sad Exequie,
 Nor can I yet the time directly gather
 When I was paid for an Epitaph on's father,
 Besides he neuer yet gaue me content
 For the new coyning of's last complement,
 Should I speake all? be't spoken to his praise,

*The totall summe is, what he thinks, or sayes,
 I will not let you run so much o'sb score,
 Poore Ducklane braines trust me, Ile trust no no more,
 Shall'siest for nought, haue you all conscience lost?
 Or doe you thinke our Sack did nothing cost?
 Well then it must be done as I haue said,
 I needs must be with present laughter payd,
 I am a freeman, for by this sweet ryme,
 The fellows know I haue secur'd the time,
 Yet if you please to grace my poore aduentures,
 I'm bound to you in more then seru indentures.*

But a pox on Skeltons fury, Ile open my Shop in honest
 prose, and first Gentlemen Ile shew you halfe a dozen of in-
 comparable points.

I would giue you the definition of points, but that I think
 you haue them at your fingers ends, yet for your better vn-
 derstanding

A point is no body, a common terme, an extreme friend
 of a good mans longitude, whose center and circumference in
 ioyne one diametrical opposition to your equilaterall Doub-
 lets, or equicrural Breeches; but to speake to the point,
 though not to the purpose.

I The first point is a point of honesty, but is almost worne
 out, and has neuer beene in request since trunck Hose and
 codpeece Breeches went out of fashion, it's made of simplicity
 Ribbon, and tagg'd with plaine dealing; if there bee any
 knaues among you (as I hope you are not all fools) faith buy
 this point of honesty, and the best vse you can put it to, is to
 tye the band of affection; but I feare this point will finde no
 Chapman, some of you had rather sell, then with *Demosthenes*
 buy honesty at so deere a rate; oh I could wish that the Bree-
 ches of Bowlers, Stewards, Taxors, Receiuers, and Auditors
 were truissed with these honesty points; but some will not
 bee tyed to it, but hilt Tom, it is dangerous vntruissing the
 time.

2 The next is a point of Knauery, but I haue enow of them already, yet because I am loth to carry mine any longer about me, who giues me most shall take it, and the Deuill giue him good on't: this point is cut out of villanous Sheepskin parchment in a Scriuener's Shop, tagg'd with the Gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him of when it borrow'd his eares; if he doe but fasten this to the new Doublet of a yong Squire, it will make him grow so corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but Waste, this point of Knauery has beene a man in his dayes, and the best of the Parish, fourteene of them goe to our Bakers dozen.

The definition of him may be this, a point of Knauery is an occult quality tyed on a riding knot; the better to play fast and loose, he was borne in Buckram, h'as runne through all offices in the Parish, and now standsto be President of Bridewell, where I leaue him hoping to see him truss'd at Ti-burne.

3 Amongst all my point, a points of ignorance is the very Alderman of the dozen. This is the richest point in my pack, and is neuer out of fashion at Innes of Court, if you buy this point, you are arrant fooles, for he giue you this gift, that you shall haue it in spite of your teeth.

4 The next is a point of good manners, that has beene long lost amongst a croude of clownes, because it was only in fashion on this side *Trent*.

This point is almost found in our Colledge, and I thanke the heauens for't, it begins to be tagg'd with Latine, it hath beene much defil'd, but I hope to see it cleane wash't away with the sope of good gouernment.

This point, to giue you a little inckling of it, begins from the due obseruance of a Freshman to Sophisters, and there it ends with a *cede maioribus*.

5 Next point is a point of false doctrine snatch'd from the codpeece of a long-winded Puritan, the breath of *Arminius* will rot in him Tagge him with a peece of Apocrypha, and he breakes in lunder, trusse him to the Surpluse, and his

Breeches will presently fall downe with the thought of the whore of *Babylon*.

He hates vnity and Church discipline so-farre, that you cannot tye a true loues knot on him: cut of his tags, and hee will make excellent strings for a *Geneva Bible*, I would haue these points anathematized from all the religious Breeches in the company: 'tis made of a dangerous stubborne Leather, tagg'd at one end with selfe conceit, at the other with wilfull opinion, this point is fit for no seruice, but *Lucifers* Caco-truces: but why talke I so long of this point, it is pity it is not licensed.

6 If you like my points, why doe you not buy? if you would haue a more full point, I can furnish you with a Period; I haue a Parenthesis (but that may be left out) I know not how you affect those points: but I loue them so well that I griue at the ignorance of my infancie when my most audacious Toes durst play at spurne-point.

*Who will not pittie points when each man sees
To begging they are false vpon their knees,
Though I beg pittie, thinke I doe not feare
Censuring Critick whelps, no point Mounsier
If you hate points, and these like merry speeches,
You may want points for to trusse vp your Breeches,
And from the close stoole may he neuer mone
That bating points doth clasps and keepers love,
But if my points haue here at all offended,
Ile tell you a way how all may be amended;
Speake to the point, and that shall answere friend,
All is not worth a point, and ther's an end.*

Then

*Then the Pedlar brought forth
a Looking-Glasse.*

The next is a Looking-Glasse, but I le put it vp againe; for I dare not be so bold as to shew some of you your owne faces; yet I will, because it hath strange operations, viz.

If a crackt Chambermaid dresse her selfe by this Looking-Glasse, she shall dreame the next night of kissing her Lord, or making her mistresse a shee Cuckold; and shall marry a Chaplin, the next living that falls.

If a stale Court Ladie looke on this Reflection, shee may see her old face, through her new Complexion.

An Vsurer cannot see his conscience in it, nor a Scriuener his eares.

If a Townesman peepe into it, his *Alceons* furniture is no longer inuisible: Corrupttrakers of bribes may reade the price of their consciences in it.

Some fellowes cannot see the face of a Schollar in it. If one of our Iewell-nos'd Carhunckl'd rubricke, bonifac't, can venture the danger of seeing their owne faces in it, the poore Basiliskes will kill themselues by reflection:

If a blinde man see his face in this, hee shall recouer his eye-sight:

But I see no pleasure in the contemplation of it; for when I looke into it, I finde my selfe inclined to such a dangerous disease, that I feare I cannot liue here aboute foure yeeres longer: Howsoeuer I hope after my disease, we shall drinke the parting blow.

If any this Looking-Glasse disgrace,

It is because he dares not see his face:

Then what I am, I will not see (faish) say,

'Twas the whores Argument when she threw't away.

Then

*Then the Pedlar brought forth a Boxe
of Cerebrum.*

But now considering what a Philosophicall *vagum* there is in most of our *Cambridge Noddles*, I haue here to sell a so-ueraine boxe of *Cerebrum*, which by *Lullius* his Alchymy, was extracted from the quintessence of *Aristotles* Pericranium, sodde in the sinciput of *Demosthenes*. The fire being blowne with the long-winded blast of a *Ciceronian* sentence; the whole confection boyled from a pottle to a pinte, in the Pipkin of *Seneca*: we owe the first inuention of it to *Sir John Mandeuile*, the perfection of it to *Tom of Odcombe*, who fetcht it from the gray-headed *Alpes* in the *Hobsons* Waggon of experience; I sweare as *Persians* vse by this my *Coxcombe*, this Magazine of immortall roguerie: but for this Boxe of braines, you had not laughed to night; buy this boxe of braines, and the tenure of your wits shall be soccage, when as now it is but fee-simple.

These braines haue very admirable vertues, and very strange operations: soure drops of it in the eare of a Lawyer, will make him write true Lattin: three graines will fill the Capitall of an Vniuersitie Gander; the terrestriall head of a high Constable, will be contented with halfe a dram; three scruples and a halfe will fill the braine-pan of a Bamberie brother.

*Come buy my braines, you ignorant guls,
And furnish here your empty sculs:
Pay your Laughter as it's fit,
To the learned Pedlar of wit.
Quickly come, and quickly buy,
Or I'll shut my shop, and fooles you'll dye.
If your Coxcombes you would quoddle,
Here buy braines to fill your noddle.*

Who

*Who buyes my braines, learns quickly here,
 To make a Probleme in a yeere :
 Shall understand the predicable,
 And the predicamentall Rabble.
 Who buyes them not, shall dye a foole,
 An exotericke in the schoole.
 Who has not these, shall euer passe
 For a great AcromaticallASSE:
 Buy then this boxe of braines, who buyes not it,
 Shall neuer surfet on too much wit.*

*Then the Pedlar brought forth a
 Whetstone.*

But leauing my braines, I come to a more profitable Com-
 moditie : for considering how dull halfe the wits of the Vni-
 uersitie be, I thought it not the worst traffique to sell Whet-
 stones.

This Whetstone will set such an edge vpon your inuenti-
 ons, that it will make your rustie iron braines, purer mettle,
 then your brazen faces. Whet but the knife of your Capaci-
 ties on this Whetstone, and you may presume to dine at the
 Muses Ordinarie, or suppe at the Oracle of *Apollo*. If this bee
 not true, I sweare by the Doxies Peticotes, that I'le neuer
 hereafter presume of a better vocation, then to liue and dye
 the miserable factor of Conny-skins.

*Then the Pedlar brought out
 Gloues.*

I haue also Gloues of seuerall qualities : the first is a paire
 of Gloues made for a Lawyer, made of an intire Loadstone,
 that has the vertue to draw gold vnto it; they were perfumed
 with the conscience of an Vsurer, and will keepe scent till
 wrangling haue left *Westminster Hall*; they are seamed with

Indentures, by the needleworke of Mortgage, and fringed with a *Nouerint Vniuersi*. I would shew you more, but it is against the statute, because a *Latitat* hath beene serued lately vpon them. And few of you need any Gloues, for you weare Corduant hands.

Night-Caps.

My next Commodities, are seuerall Night-Caps, but they dare not come abroad by Candle-light. The first is lined with Foxe-furre, which I hope to sell to some of the Sophisters; it hath an admirable facultie for curing the Crapula, aboue the vertue of Ivie or bitter Almonds, nay, the porredge pot's not comparable vnto it.

I haue another fit for an Alderman, which *Acteon* by his last Will and Testament bequeathed to the Citie as a principall Charter, it was of *Dianae's* owne making, *Albumazers Otacousticon* was but a Chamberpot in comparison.

I could fit all heads with Night-caps, except your graue ouerwise Metaphysical heads: Marry, they are so transcendent, that they will not be comprehended within the predicant of a Night-cap.

Ruffes.

I haue also seuerall Ruffes; first, a Ruffe of pure Holland for a Dutch drunkard, a Ruffe of Cobweb lawne for the Vniuersitie statutes: I haue a Ruffe for the Colledge too: but by this badge of our Colledge (my reuerend Lambskins) our back-biters say our Colledge Ruffes are quite out of stocke; I haue no more Ruffes but one, and that is a Ruffe of strong hempe, you may haue them who will, at the Royall Exchange of *Ti-burne*.

As for plaine Bands, if you finde any in a Scriuners Shop, there is good hope honestie will come in fashion againe.

But you will not bestow your money on such trifles: why? I haue greater wares.

Will you buy any Parsonages, Vicarages, Deanaries, or Prebendaries?

The price of one is his Lordships crackt Chamber-Maid, the other is the reseruing of his Worships tythes; or you may buy the Knights horse three hundred pound too deare, who to make you amends in the bargaine, will draw you on fairely to a Vicaridge.

There be many tricks, but the downe right way is three yeares purchase. Come bring in your Coyne; Livings are *Maiors in pretio* now, then in the daies of Domesday booke, you must giue presents for your presentations: there may be severall meanes for your institution, but this is the onely way to induction that euer I knew: but I see you are not minded to meddle with any my honest Leviticall Farmers.

*Then the Pedlar tooke out a Wenck made of
Alablafter.*

But now expect the treasures of the world, the treasures of the earth digg'd from the mynes of my more then Indian paunch: Wipe your eyes that no envious clouds of musty humours may barre your sight of the happinesse of so rare an obiect.

*Come from thy Pallace beauteous Queene of Greece,
Sweet Hellen of the world, rise like the morne,
Clad in the smocke of night, that all the starres
May loose their eyes, and then grow blinde,
Runne weeping to the man's th moone,
To borrow his dogge to leade the spheares a begging.*

*Rare Empresse of our soules, whose Charcole flames
Burnes the poore Coltsfoot of amazed hearts.
View this dumbe Audience thy beantie spies,
And then amaz'd with grieffe, laugh out their eyes.*

Here's now a rare beantie, oh how all your fingers itch; who should be the first Chapman? This will be a dainty friend in a corner. And were't not better to imbrace this pretty shambles of beantie, this errant Poultrie of perfection, then to tumble your sopie Laundresses? Is this like your daggie-tayl'd Bed makers? when a man shall lye with Seacole ashes, and commit adultery with the dust of his chamber?

Me thinkes this peerelesse Paragon of complection, should be better countenanced. She would set a sharper edge on your appetites, then all the three penny Cutlers in *Cambridge*.

I am a man as you are, and this naughtie flesh and bloud will neuer leaue tempting: yet I protest by the sweet sole of this incomparable shee, I neuer had any acquaintance with the pretty Libraries of flesh, but onely this: This is the subiect of my Muse; This I adorne with costly Epigrams, and such curious Encomiums, as may deserue immortalitie in the Chamberpots of *Hellicon*; and thus my *Furor Poeticus* doth accost her.

*Faire Madame, thee whose euery thing
Deserues, the Close-stoole of a King:
Whose head is faire as any bone,
White and smooth as Pumex stone.
Whose naturall balancesse scornes to weare
The needlesse excrements of hayre.
Whose forehead streakes, our hearts commands,
Like Douer Clifts, or Goodwyn sands.
While from those dainty Gloe-worme eyes,
Cupid shoots plum pudding pyes.
While from the Arches of thy nose,
A Creame-pot of white Nectar flowes:*

Faire

Faire dainty lips, so smooth, so sleek,
 And truely Alabaster cheek.
 Pure Saffron teeth, happie the meate
 That such pretty minestones ease.
 Oh let me heare some silent song,
 Tun'd by the lewes trumpe of thy tongue.
 Oh how that Chin becomes thee well,
 Where neuer hayrie beard shall dwell:
 Thy Corall necke doth statelier bow,
 Then los when she turn'd a Cow:
 O let me, or I shall nere rest,
 Sucke the blacke bottles of thy brest:
 Or lay my head, and rest me still
 On that dainty Hogmagog hill.
 Oh curious, and vnfathom'd waste,
 As steeper as the stateliest Mast:
 Thy finger too, breed my delight,
 Each Wart a naturall Margarite.
 Oh pittie then my dismall moane,
 Able to melt thy heart of stone.
 Thou know'st how I lament and howle,
 Weepe, snort, condole, tooke sad, and scowle.
 Each night so great, my passions be,
 I cannot wake for thought of thee.
 Thy Gowne can tell how much I lou'd,
 Thy Petticote to pittie moou'd.
 Then let thy Pedlar mercy finde,
 To kisse thee once, though it be behinde.
 Sweet kisse, sweet lippes, delicious sence,
 How sweet a Zephyrus blowes from thence?
 Blest Petticote, more blest her Smocke,
 That daily busseth her Buttocke:
 For now the Prouerbe true I finde,
 That the best part is still behinde.
 Sweet dainty soule, daigne but to giue
 The poore Pedlar, this hanging Sleue.

*And in thine honour, by this kisse,
 Ile daily weare my Packe in this,
 And quickly so beare thee more fame,
 Then Quixot the Knight Errants dame.
 So farewell sweet, daigne but to touch,
 And once againe relesse my Pouch.*

Is it not pittie such ware should not be bought? well, I
 perceiue the fault is in the emptinesse of your learned poc-
 kets: well, Ile to the Court, and see what I can sell there, and
 then carry the Reliques to Rome.

The Pedlar calls for his Coltstaffe.

*Some friend must now perforce
 Make haste, and bid my Boy
 To saddle me my wooden Horse,
 For I meane to conquer Troy.*

FINIS.

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collated & perfect.

H. Bernard Quaritch
E. M. B.

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Lot 446 Hodgson's 13th April 1927

